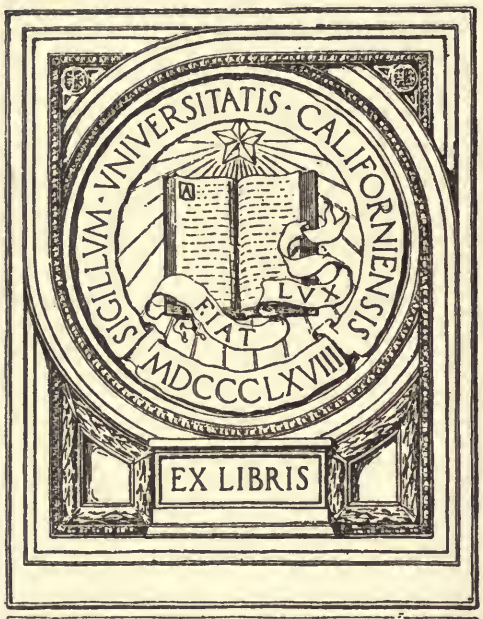

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TWO TWICE-TOLD TALES

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TWO TWICE-TOLD TALES

J. J. Meyer

Benfey, in his *Pañcatantra*, Vol. I, p. 442, mentions the story of Kinnarā as a parallel to a certain far-spread Hindu "Tale of the Faithless Wife."[1] The magnificent collection of the *Pāli Jātaka* was not accessible to the great pioneer. We have it now —six beautiful volumes, edited by the master hand of Fausböll. When I read these stories for the first time some years ago I gladly hailed as an old acquaintance also the tale of Queen Kinnarā in the *Kunālajātaka*. For this is the oldest form known at present of Ariosto's excellent *novella* of Astollo and Giocondo (*Orlando Furioso*, canto 28). After a second perusal of the *Jātaka* book some time later, I concluded to call the attention of others to the matter. But just when I wanted to publish the following translation and notes I saw in the *Rassegna bibliografica della letteratura italiana* of February, 1899, a notice to the effect that Professor P. E. Pavolini had shown in the eleventh volume of the *Giornale della Società Asiatica* a striking similarity between Ariosto's *novella* and the *Kunālajātaka*. I see now that Professor Pavolini only gives a brief abstract of the *Jātaka*, and that the remarks he offers are different from mine. So there seems to be room for the following pages.

The tale of Kinnarā is embodied in the *Kunālajātaka* (*The Jātaka*, ed. Fausböll, Vol. V, pp. 437 ff.). Thus we are told:

In times gone by there was in Benares a king by the name of Kaṇḍari, who was most handsome in face and form. Daily his ministers brought a thousand boxes of perfumes to him, anointed his palace with them, split the perfume boxes, and with this scented wood cooked his meals. His wife was very beautiful and named Kinnarā. His domestic chaplain, Pancalacaṇḍa by name, was endowed with wisdom and of the same age with the king. Now, at the king's castle, inside the wall, there had grown up a jambu tree [rose apple tree], the branches of which hung over the top of the wall, and in the shade of this tree there dwelt a cripple loathsome and ugly of figure.

One day when Queen Kinnarā was looking through the window she saw him and fell in love with him. After she had bestowed her favors on the king the next night, and he had fallen asleep, she softly rose, put most delicious food of different kinds into a golden vessel, and, conveying this in the folds of her dress, she descended by means of a rope made of cloth[2] down through the window [evidently first alighting upon the top of the wall], and mounted the rose apple tree. Then she descended by means of the branches, fed the cripple, sinned (with him), and then again ascended to the palace in the way she had come. With perfumes she shampooed her body and laid herself down with the king. In this manner she continually sinned with that man and the king knew it not.

One day he passed around the city in solemn procession. Entering his palace he saw the

[1] *Cf.* the article of F. L. Pullè in the fourth volume of the *Giornale della Società Asiatica italiana* (1890, pp. 129–64), and P. E. Pavolini in the eleventh volume of that journal (1898, pp. 165–73); also J. J. Meyer, *Daṇḍins Daçakumāracaritam* (Leipzig, 1902), pp. 87–96.

[2] Or perhaps rather: "of her outer garment."

cripple, who presented a most pitiful appearance,[3] lying in the shade of the rose apple tree, and he said to his domestic chaplain: "See this specter of a man?" "Yes, my Lord." "Now, I wonder, friend, whether a woman would approach such a disgusting fellow in amorous passion?" When the cripple heard these words he was filled with vanity and thought: "What says this king? He is not aware, it seems, that his own queen comes to me." Saluting the tree respectfully by raising his joined hands to his forehead, he said: "Hear thou, O lordly deity who wast born in this rose apple tree; save thee nobody knows this matter."

When the domestic chaplain saw him do this he reflected: "Surely the king's queen consort comes by way of the rose apple tree and sins with him." [Should this miraculous insight surprise anybody, let him remember that this domestic chaplain was the Buddha himself in one of his anterior births.] And he asked the king: "O, great king, how is the touch of the queen's body in the night time?"

"I observed nothing else, friend; but in the middle watch of the night her body is cold."

"Then, my lord, to say nothing of other women—your consort, Queen Kinnarā, sins with him."

"What are you talking about, friend? How should such a lady, endowed with the highest charms, amuse herself with such a most hideous fellow?"

"Try her then, my lord."

"All right," he said, and the following night, having supped, he retired with the queen and thinking, "I will try her," he feigned to have fallen asleep when the time came that he usually fell asleep. She rose and did as she was wont. The king followed her and stood still below the rose apple tree.

The cripple was angry with the queen and he boxed her ears,[4] saying: "You loitered too long in coming." Then she pleaded: "Do not be angry, my lord; I watched for the king to fall asleep." And she was like a wife in his house.

But when he struck her one of her ear-rings, shaped like a lion's face (or mouth), bounded away from her ear and dropped at the feet of the king. The king thought, "This is enough to serve my purpose," took the ring, and returned. After having transgressed with the cripple, she also returned in her former manner and commenced to lie with the king. He pushed her back and on the next day commanded: "The Queen Kinnarā shall come to me bedecked with all the ornaments I gave her." She said, "My lion-ring is at the goldsmith's," and did not come. When she had been sent for again she came with one ring. The king asked: "Where is your ring?" "At the goldsmith's." He called the goldsmith. "Why do you not give her her ring?" he said. "I did not receive it, my lord." The king got angry and said: "You wicked pariah woman, your goldsmith must look like me." And throwing the ring down before her he said to the domestic chaplain: "You spoke the truth, friend; go and have her head cut off."

He (the chaplain) put her away somewhere in the king's house, drew near the king and said: "My lord, be not angry with Queen Kinnarā; all women are that way. And if you wish to see the bad nature of women, I will show you their wickedness and many wiles. Come, we will travel incognito through the land."

The king assented, intrusted the kingdom to his mother, and set forth with him upon their journey. When they came to a cross-road [or, after they had traveled twelve miles],[5] they sat down at the highway.

[3] The dictionaries, both Sanskrit and Pāli, give only "compassion" for *kāruṇya* (*kāruñña*). But we can hardly translate "who roused the deepest compassion."

[4] Literally "struck her on the orifice of her ears with his hand"—*hatthena kaṇṇasakhkhaliyam pahari*; *cf. Sumangala-vilāsinī*, p. 311, last line, and p. 312, first line: *bhikkhuṃ kaṇṇasakhkhaliyaṃ paharitvā*. *Kaṇṇasakhkhalī* is the Skt. *karnaçashkulī*.

[5] The Pali text has here the reading *tesaṃ yojanamaggaṃ gantvā mahāmagge nisinnānaṃ*, which is clearly wrong. Two emendations easily suggest themselves. We might read *tesaṃ saṃyojanamaggaṃ gantvā*, etc., *i. e.*, "when they had come to a cross-way." One of the two *sam* immediately following each other would very naturally have dropped out through the negligence of the scribe. But *gantvā* (instead of *patvā*) would then be a little

A landed proprietor who was celebrating his son's wedding came along with great pomp and retinue and the girl (the bride) seated in a palankin. When the domestic chaplain saw this he said: "If you wish, it is possible to make this girl sin with you."

"How can you say so? Her retinue is too great for that, friend."

"See then, my lord," said the chaplain.

He stepped forward, made a tent not far from the road, and put the king into the tent, he himself sitting down at the wayside weeping. Then the landed proprietor, seeing him, inquired: "Why do you weep, my good sir?"

"My wife is very big with child; I started upon the way to take her to the home of her kin. But on the highway her throes came upon her; she is laboring within the tent, no woman is at her side and I cannot go there. I do not know what will become of it."

"You must get a woman. Don't weep; there are many women; one will go."

"Then this girl here shall go, and it will be a lucky omen also for her."

The man thought: "He speaks the truth; it will be an omen betokening luck to her too; she will increase in sons and daughters;" and he sent her. She entered there, saw the king, fell in love with him, and sinned with him. The king gave her the seal-ring from his finger. When she had finished and returned from out of the tent, they asked her: "What has she borne?" She answered: "A son of golden hue." The landed proprietor took her and journeyed on with his train.

The chaplain also went to the king and said: "You see, my lord, even a young girl is so wicked, far more the other women. But have you given her anything?"

"Yes, the seal-ring from my finger."

"I will not allow her that."

He rapidly strode on, caught up with the palankin,[6] and when they asked: "What is the matter?" he answered: "She took the seal-ring with her that had been placed under my wife's pillow. Give me the seal-ring, my good lady." She wounded the brahman's hand with her finger-nails when she gave him the ring and said: "Take it, you rascal."

Thus by various stratagems the brahman brought it about that the king could see (with his

strange. Or we might read *tesaṃ yojanamaggaṃ gantvā*, etc., *i. e.*, "after they had gone a *yojana's* way." An objection to that reading would be this that twelve miles was too long a journey to find the first pliant woman. That were not in keeping with the spirit of the fairy tale, especially as the king was "very fair of form and figure." But although Childers gives a *yojana* as twelve miles, that does not seem to be so very correct. The statements regarding the *yojana* differ greatly. OESTERLEY, *Baital Pacchisi*, p. 48, says a *yojana* = about nine miles; STEIN, *Rajataranginī* (transl.), Vol. VII, p. 393, about six miles; CROOKE, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, p. 232, ten miles; MONIER WILLIAMS, *sub voce*, informs us: "Sometimes regarded as equal to four or five English miles, but more correctly = four kroças or about nine miles; according to other calculations = two and one-half English miles, and according to some = eight kroças." Professor Lanman writes me: "It is 60 yojanas from Kapilavatthu to Rajagaha (Jāt. I, p. 85, l. 31), that is about 150 miles, perhaps — that gives only 2 or 3 miles for a yojanana." Cunningham takes the *yojana* as seven miles. *Mahāvagga*, VII, 1, mentions six *yojanas* as the distance between Sāketa and Sāvatthi; according to the Fa-Hian, it was eight *yojanas*. Counting the *yojana* as seven miles, the Chinese traveler's statement would give us fifty-six miles, which is correct according to CUNNINGHAM (*Ancient Geography of India*, Vol. I, p. 409), who accepts the common identification of Sāketa with Ayodhya, adducing conclusive proofs for this view, and identifies Sāvatthi with Sewet and the modern Sahet-Mahet. Whatever explanation we may adopt to reconcile the *Mahāvagga* with these statements, it is clear that the *yojana* of the *Mahāvagga* amounts to vastly more than two or three miles, unless we reject Cunningham's identification, which seems to rest on a very solid basis, or assume that another Sāketa is meant, a very improbable expedient. On the other hand, in *Sutta* 89 of the *Majjhima-Nikāya* King Pasenadi looks at the park of Nangaraka. There the thought of visiting Buddha enters his mind. But the Master is sojourning in Metalumpa. The king is told that the distance between the two places is not great, only three *yojanas*, and that one could ride to Metalumpa during the rest of the day (*divasāvasesena*). The king's charioteer actually takes his lord there in time. Such a thing would have been impossible, it seems, if a *yojana* were between twelve and seven miles. A distance of about eight miles in all appears to be quite enough for the "rest of the day," the roads in ancient India not being of the ideal kind. Perhaps the *yojana* (literally "a distance traversed in one harnessing or without unyoking") was just as indefinite in old India as now is the term "mile" which has to be qualified by "English," "German," "geographical," etc., in order to be correctly understood.

[6] Perhaps, rather, "stopped the palankin."

own eyes) many other licentious women, and he said: "This is enough for this place, let us go elsewhere, my lord."

The king roamed through all Jambudvīpa [lit., "the island of the rose apple tree," *i. e.*, India], and then he declared: "All women (outside of Jambudvīpa) will be the same way. What of them! Let us return." So they went back to Benares.

The chaplain pleaded with the king: "Such, O great king, are all women, of such a bad quality is their nature; pardon Queen Kinnarā." He pardoned her and expelled her from his court; and as he had deprived her of her station he chose another queen consort. And the cripple he caused to be driven away, and the branch of the rose apple tree (that hung over the top of the wall) he had cut down.

It will be seen at a glance that this old Buddhist version of the story is very interesting in many respects. A careful comparison with the Arabian and Italian tales points to several things. I mention only a few.

The story of Shah Zaman (Shahseman) or of Giocondo being cured of his heart-ache by seeing the king's wife doing the same thing as his own spouse is here missing. But that is of no importance at all. The story of "The Lady in the Box," which forms a separate *Jātaka* in the *Pāli* collection, we see in the *Arabian Nights* woven into the introductory story, with which originally it had no connection at all. A multitude of similar cases might be pointed out. These productions of the people's fancy grow not only from within, but also from without. The different versions drop the one incident and add another, either by spontaneous growth or more frequently by appropriating another story or part of another story. This story of "The Lady in the Box" must serve, in the *Arabian Nights*, the same purpose as the king's salutary ramble through various countries in the Buddhistic tale and in the *Orlando Furioso.*

The Arab story-teller could not use this portion. The old Hindu looks upon the frailty of the fair sex rather with the sadly smiling eye of the philosopher. And the numerous angry invectives against women in Hindu literature notwithstanding, we even meet a multitude of stories where the tricks which amorous women play their relatives, and especially their husbands, are described with the same inward chuckle as in the "laughing tales" of Boccaccio, Bandello, and others. The Muhammedan spirit is severer and fiercer. Shahryar (Sheherban) puts to death his wife and a host of other women (1,095, if there was no leap year among those three years); the king of Benares spares his guilty spouse upon the intercession of his chaplain. And then, just think of a Muhammedan ruler roving through the land and introducing himself by stealth into as many harems as possible in order to learn by experience that no woman is true and chaste if she can help it!

Another consideration is this: Adhering to the original version, the Arabian collection could hardly have introduced Sheherezade, who is so pre-eminently necessary. The Arabian adaptations of these old tales are often better than the more original forms, but the otherwise excellent story of "The Lady in the Box" seems to me here a rather inferior substitute for the way in which the king is made to see the depravity of all womankind in our *Pāli Jātaka* and in Ariosto's novella. We must concede that

this king Shahryar is drawn with a masterhand, and the spirit of the fairy-tale, especially the Arabian fairy-tale, is manifested in a sparkling manner. This poor lady has been cruelly torn away from her bridegroom by the Jinni; ladies do not like to be put into boxes of this kind, not even in the countries of the harem; such treatment would be sufficient to raise the spirit of deviltry in a Penelope; still our sultan Shahryar, like a true eastern despot, infers from this exceptional case that all women act like the one now before him, which is a flat contradiction of his previous attitude toward the question. He is the type of the stupid, cruel prince so common in eastern tales.

By the way, this peculiarity of the *Nights* that they usually — Harun ar Rashid, of course, excepted — depict princes as rather dull, hasty, bloody, etc., whereas their ministers are models of insight, prudence, energy, and other good qualities, is doubtless in a great measure due to the fact that the *Nights* go back to the *Jātaka* as their principal fountain-head. In the *Jātaka* Boddhisatta (the later Buddha) is again and again born as a king's minister, and as such restrains and instructs his impetuous and often weak-minded lord. Now, we know that in the Orient ministers of state are, as a rule, no better, and even worse, than their masters, or slaves, *i. e.*, the princes. So the *Nights* can in this respect hardly have copied life. Still, the noble family of the Barmecides, for instance, may have contributed colors to this bright, ideal picture of the vezir. But, in spite of many excellent traits in the Arabian tale, the best, most essential, and most extraordinary part of the whole story, *i. e.*, the king's peculiar exploratory tour, together with a few other things in our *Jātaka*, go to make up a better narrative than the Muhammedan adaptation.

That the story when it became known to the Muhammedans contained this journey of the king through various countries and his amorous adventures with a multitude of women is also clearly shown by the manner in which the substitute for this portion is introduced. When Shahryar with his own eyes had seen his queen in the loving embrace of the negro Said, he said, according to Burton's literal translation of the *Arabian Nights:*

> "Let us up as we are and depart forthright hence, for we have no concern with kingship, and let us overwander Allah's earth, worshiping the Almighty till we find some one to whom the like calamity hath happened; and if we find none then will death be more welcome to us than life." So the two brothers issued from a second private postern of the palace; and they never stinted wayfaring by day and by night, until they reached a tree a-middle of a meadow—hard by a spring of sweet water on the shore of the sea.

Then happens the story of "The Lady in the Box" and their immediate return home. The words quoted seem to indicate beyond doubt that the tale when the Muhammedans borrowed it described a far more extensive and very different journey of the two. Why should they make so much ado, give up the kingdom, set out upon the way to "overwander Allah's earth" simply and exclusively in order to find a single and solitary woman who would not be loyal to her husband or lover? It is true, our king Shahryar is no miracle of intelligence, and the way in which he is stupefied by his wife's colored liaison renders him very naïve and amusing. Still he has just now

seen eleven women follow their lewd desires; his brother's wife added makes twelve; he is an oriental, a Muhammedan, and as such cannot help but have imbibed a somewhat realistic philosophy in *puncto foeminarum*. So this whole portion is simply ridiculous, and the words quoted above and the things that came to pass thereupon can be explained only by the fact that the Muhammedans found these words, although quite different in some respects, in the story and transplanted them into their own version, the final development of which renders them so utterly incongruous, to say nothing of other blemishes.

So the outcome seems to be this: The theory that Ariosto has taken over the introductory story from the *Arabian Nights* is untenable. But we see everywhere how very tenacious certain incidents and even phrases are in these tales of the people, their marked pliability and even Proteus-like transformations in some respects notwithstanding. It were possible, therefore, that Ariosto nevertheless got the story through the instrumentality of the Arabs. A version conforming more to the original tale and independent of the introduction to the *Nights* might still have been current among the Arabs at that time. But this is not very probable. We know that the manuscripts of the celebrated Arabian collection differ in a most astonishing manner. But the introduction — together with a number of other tales — is the same everywhere, as far as matter is concerned, and even the wording varies here not essentially. "The Introduction (with a single incidental story 'The Bull and the Ass') . . . . may be placed in our tenth century," says Burton in his translation (Vol. X, p. 93). His opinion is certainly entitled to respect. All Arabists, I think, agree that the introduction is one of the oldest parts. Now, it seems not very plausible that another version should have survived among the Arabs down to Ariosto's time side by side with its all-powerful rival in the *Nights*. I would rather incline to the opinion that the story was brought to Italy from Russia. We know that intercourse between these two countries was quite lively at that time. But as I cannot show up the Slavic link, I must give this as a mere, though very probable, supposition.

Like the other stories of the introduction to the *Arabian Nights*, the one most important of them all for the collection is of Hindu origin; the Sheherezade, most famous and typical of Arabian girls, is found in the tales of the Jainas, an old religious sect of India. Jacobi, in his well-known book *Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Māhārāshṭrī* (1886) has published the Prākrit text of the story, and many a reader of this valuable volume must have recognized the identity. But, so far as I know, nobody has yet considered it worth while to speak about the matter. So I subjoin an almost literal translation. The story is found pp. 49 ff. It is taken from a commentary of Devendra which was finished in 1073 A. D.[7] Devendra himself calls his work an epitome of a book of Çāntyācārya.[8] The tale runs thus:

[7] JACOBI gives Samvat 1179, *i. e.*, 1122-23 A. D. But this mistake has been corrected by LEUMANN, "Die Legende von Citta und Sambhūta," *Wiener Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, Vol. V, p. 112.

[8] Of him PAVOLINI (in his article, "Vicende del tipo di Mūladeva," *Giornale della Società Asiatica italiana*, Vol. IX, p. 178) says: "verosimilmente di poco posteriore alla redazione definitivo del canone dei jaina (454 d. C.)."

There is here in India a city named Khiipaiṭṭhiyaṃ. Jiyasattū was king there. Once the king commenced a picture-gallery and handed it over to the guild of painters in equal portions [*i. e.*, assigned the head of every family—professions being hereditary in India—an equal share of the work to be done]. Many painters painted. Also an old painter, Cittangaa by name, painted. A long time passed. And his young daughter, Kaṇayamañjarī by name, brought him his meals. One day she was on her way to her father with his dinner in her hands, when a horseman came along the king's highway, that was crowded with people, on his horse, making it run at full speed. And she fled in fear. Then after he had rushed by she went to her father. When Cittangaa saw that his meal had come, he went to ease nature. To while away time Kaṇayamañjarī painted there in colors, on the paved floor, a peacock's feather entirely true to nature.

In the meanwhile King Jiyasattū came to the picture-gallery. Looking at the paintings he saw the peacock's feather on the paved floor, and thinking, "It's beautiful," he stretched out his hand to pick it up. He broke his nails, which were like pearl-oyster shells. Abashed he looked into space.

Kaṇayamañjarī said with a laugh: "While I reflected, 'A chair doesn't stand on three legs,' and sought the fourth foolish man, I have now found you as the fourth leg."

The king said: "How is that? Tell me the whole matter as it is."

She said laughing: "While I brought my father his meal a man rode a horse in hot haste on the king's highway. He had not a bit of pity, for old people, children, women, and all other weak people that passed along were trampled down. Therefore this horseman, being an arrant fool, is the chair's first leg. The second leg is the king, by whom the picture-gallery has been assigned to the painters in equal shares. In the individual families there are many painters. My father is, firstly, without a son; secondly, an old man; thirdly, poor. But although he is such, an equal portion (of the work) has been set down for him (which he cannot do under the circumstances). The third leg is my father here, because while painting at this picture-gallery he has spent what he had earned before; now I bring him any food I get, and when it has come—he goes to ease nature! What a dull man he is!"[9]

The king said: "Why am I the fourth leg?"

The other said: "Now, anyone knows at once: 'How should a peacock's feather come here indeed!' If it [the feather] had been brought here in some way or other, even then one would perceive it by the eye at once."[10]

The king said: "I am really a fool and as such the fourth leg of the chair." Hearing how (cleverly) she put her words together and seeing the loveliness of her body, he became enamored of her. But when Kaṇayamanjarī had given her father to eat she went home.

By mouth of Sugutta, his prime minister, the king asked Cittangaa for Kaṇayamanjarī. He said: "We are poor. How could we celebrate the marriage and pay the king due honor!"

This was told the king. He had Cittangaa's house filled with money, grain, and gold. On an auspicious lunar-day, in an auspicious hour, Kaṇayamanjarī was married (by the king) in great splendor. A palace and a great multitude of female slaves were bestowed on her.

Now the king had many queens; every one (of them) entered the king's sleeping apartment on the night when her turn came. And on that day the order was given that it was

[9] *Sīyala*, Sanskrit, *çītala*, "cold," seems to be used just as *jaḍa* for "cold, torpid, senseless, stupid," in Sanskrit.

[10] Or "by his intelligence." The literal translation would be: "It might have been brought here in some way or other [so one might object]. Even then one would perceive it," etc. The sense may be: Even if a man of sense had thought for a moment that the feather had been there, he would have rectified the mistake right away (*i. e.*, perceived that it was no real feather). Or: Even if the feather had been brought there, one (*i. e.*, people) would have seen it right away (and picked it up, of course, not leaving it till the king came).

Kaṇayamanjarī's turn. Bedecked and adorned she went, together with her slave-girl Mayaṇiyā, and sat down upon a seat.

In the meanwhile the king came. She rose to greet him and performed the other acts of politeness and modesty. The king lay down on the bed.

Before this time already Kaṇayamanjarī had said to Mayaṇiyā: "When the king has lain down you must ask me for a story in a way that the king hears it." Therefore Mayaṇiyā said at this appropriate moment: "Mistress, tell me a story while the king tarries (with us here)." The other said: "The king must first sleep soundly, then I will tell one."

The king thought: "Now, what kind of a story will she tell? I too will hear it." So he pretended to be asleep. Mayaṇiyā said: "Mistress, the king is asleep; tell the story."

The other said: "Listen! There was in a city Vasantaura a merchant Varuṇa. He had a chapel built of one hand in size that was made all of one block. Into this he put a certain idol of four hands." Mayaṇiyā said: "Mistress, how could there be room for an idol of four hands in a chapel of one hand in size?" The other said: "I am sleepy now; tomorrow I shall tell." "Thus let it be," said Mayaniyā, who went out and went home. The king's curiosity was roused and he thought: "What kind of thing is this?" She (Kaṇayamanjarī) also lay down to sleep.

When on the second day again the order was given that it was her turn, she was addressed in the same way by Mayaṇiyā: "Mistress, tell that half-told tale (to the end)." The other said: "Friend, that god is the Four-Armed One,[11] but this is not the size of his body [*i. e.*, what I said does not refer to the size of his body]." Thus far goes the story.

Mayaṇiyā said: "Tell me another."

Kaṇayamanjarī said: "Friend, there is a great forest. In it there stands a great red asoka tree with outspread boughs and branches. And it has no shade."

Mayaṇiyā said: "How could such an excellent tree have no shade?"

She said: "Tomorrow I'll tell; now I am overcome by sleep."

The third day again, out of curiosity, *she* was summoned. In the same manner she was questioned by Mayaṇiyā. She explained: "That tree's shade is below it."[12]

Asked for another story, she narrated: "In a certain place there was a village magistrate. He had a camel. And this roamed about at will. One day when it roamed about it saw a babbūla tree abounding in leaves, blossoms, and fruit. And toward that it stretched out its neck and could not reach it. And for the tree's sake it harassed itself a very long time. Then it stretched out its neck still a great deal more in all four directions. When it could not reach (the tree) in any way, it was seized by anger. Therefore it discharged its urine and dung on the tree."

Mayaṇiyā said: "How could it discharge its urine and dung on the tree which it could not even reach with its mouth?"

The other said: "Tomorrow I'll tell."

In the same manner she declared on the following day: "That babbūla tree was down in a 'blind' well,[13] therefore the camel could not eat of it."[14]

In this way Kaṇayamanjarī befooled the king with such interesting stories for six months.

[11] Vishnu, who is represented with four arms and hands.

[12] Therefore it *has* no shade, is not protected by shade; whereas Mayaṇiyā (and the king) took the painter's daughter to mean that the tree cast no shade.

[13] Literally, "in the middle of a blind well-pit." A well dried up, overgrown with plants, and not used is meant. The metaphor may be the same as in the German, *blindes Fenster*, *blinde Thüre*; or the term may refer to the fact that such a well is hidden from view; or the word may be taken more literally. The shining water in the well is its pupil of the eye (*Augenstern*). *Cf.* the interesting, oft-recurring passage, *Majjhima-Nikāya*, Vol. I, p. 80, where we have *udakatārakā*, *Wasserstern* = *Wasserspiegel* (of a well).

[14] The Sanskrit version here adds six other stories, all of a similar nature. Three of them are well-known tales (Nos. 5, 6, 7). As they are neither in the Māhārāshṭrī text nor affect the matter in hand, I pass them by.

Then he had become exceedingly enamored of her. Exclusively devoted to the pleasure of love with her alone, he passed the time.

Then her fellow-wives became enraged against her, sought for weak points in her, and conferred together: "She has bewitched the king by witchcraft, so that he has abandoned even his queens who were born in the highest families; in his passion for this artisan's daughter he considers neither excellences nor faults, pays no attention to the affairs of the kingdom; cares not that his wealth is being ruined by her juggler's tricks."

But[15] Kaṇayamanjarī, day by day, entered one of the chambers in her palace at noon-time, all alone, cast off the garments and the finery that belonged to the king [*i. e.*, that the king had given her], and put on the ragged dress and the finery made of tin and lead that she had got from her father. And she admonished her own soul: "Do not be proud, O soul, of (this) wealth, do not become conceited, forget not thyself! The king's is this wealth, thine are these clothes all beaten to pieces with the stick[16] and this finery. So be of a calm mind, because for a long time thou didst not enjoy such splendor. Else the king might take thee by the neck and put thee out."

Observing these her doings day by day, her fellow-wives said to the king: "Although you are destitute of love for us, nevertheless we will ward off misfortune from you; for: Woman's deity is her husband. This woman here, who is your sweetheart, pronounces some incantation or evil spell. Being bewitched by her, you do not notice this mischief."

The king said: "How is that?"

They said: "At noon-time she goes into a chamber, shuts the door, and stands there mumbling something by herself, day by day, for some time. If you don't believe it, watch her[17] yourself or (have it done) by a number of others."

And, having heard this, the king went himself. Standing at the door in order to watch Kaṇayamanjarī, who had entered the room, he saw the doings described already and how she instructed her own self. His heart was filled with joy. "O what prudence of hers! O what freedom from pride! O what discrimination! Therefore she is in every respect a treasure of all excellences; and these [her fellow-wives] are envious by reason of their being fellow-wives. For even excellence they deem a fault."

And full of joy the king made her mistress of the whole kingdom and invested her with the turban.[18]

The king was right. Her conduct in prosperity proved her to be a rare jewel among women; and though this story, which clearly is an abridgment anyhow, in many respects ranks below that of the *Arabian Nights*, Kaṇayamanjarī showed such eminent qualities in all her dealings that Sheherezade need not be ashamed of her Hindu mother.

[15] Literally "from that time," the time when the king had shown her his favor.

[16] In the process of washing numberless times.

[17] Or: "investigate the matter."

[18] *I. e.*, he had her crowned as *paṭṭarajñī*—as his principal wife or queen consort.

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